I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd From the spungy south [2] to this part of the west, There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends, (Unless my sins abuse my divination,) Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so, And never false,—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here. Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime It was a worthy building.—How! a page !— Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather : For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.— Let's see the boy's face.

CAP. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. —Young one, Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems, They crave to be demanded : Who is this, Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he, That, otherwise than noble nature did, Hath alter'd that good picture[3] ? What's thy interest

Jksted. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—lift for *lifted.* M ALONE.

Similar inaccuracies occur in our Bible translation s " He took her by the hand and *lift* her up." Mark L 31.—" He hath *lift* up his heel against me." John xiii. 18.—" *Roast* with fire/* Exod. xii. 8, &c. BLAKEWAY.

a — the SPUNGY south —] Milton has availed himself of this epithet, in his Masque at Ludlow Castle :

« ^---------Thus I hurl
" My dazzling spells into the *spungy* air*"
STEEVENS.

3----------who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature DID,
Hath alter'd that good picture ?] To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done,* are standing phrases ; the question therefore is,—Who has aLered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it ? J o HNS ON.

Olivia, speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture,* asks Viola if it [ct] is not well *done?"*